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A Traveler's Impression of Indiana in 1851

Prepared by the Staff of the
Public Library of Fort Wayne and Allen County
1954

One of a historical series, this pamphlet is published under the direction of the governing Boards of the Public Library of Fort Wayne and Allen County.

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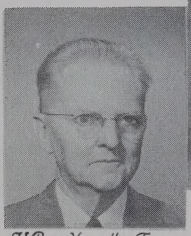

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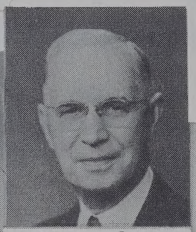

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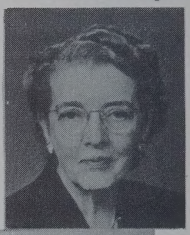

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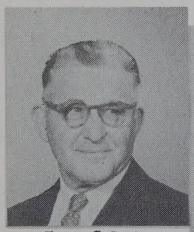

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FOREWORD

Over a century ago J. Richard Beste, accompanied by his wife and eleven of their twelve children, sailed from England to the United States and traveled in the western country. After returning to England, he wrote an account of his experiences in the backwoods; in 1855 he published THE WABASH as a two-volume work in London. Selections describing the author's experiences and impressions of the land, the people, and the climate of Indiana have been excerpted from the book. Several passages by his children describing the Hoosier state have also been excerpted.

The Boards and the Staff of the Public Library of Fort Wayne and Allen County present this publication in the hope that these impressions of a mid-nineteenth century Englishman in Indiana will prove interesting. Grammar, spelling, and punctuation have been changed to conform to current usage.

We enjoyed a pleasant voyage down the Ohio River in a St. Louis steam packet. We passed the pretty scenery on each side at the rate of about fourteen miles an hour. We stopped often for official or commercial purposes and to deliver letters or to take on goods. No wharves or quays were prepared at the different points of landing; but old, worn-out steamboats, from which the machinery had been removed, were moored to the banks. Rising and falling with the waters, they formed excellent floating piers.

We passed the village of Vevay in Switzerland County through the center of its pretty vineyards planted on terraces sloping from the summit of the cliffs to the edge of the water. This place had been settled about forty years before by thirty Swiss families. The United States had sold land to them at a bargain so that they might introduce the cultivation of the vine into the country. They did so and have since been joined by many of their countrymen from Europe. The Kentucky River flows into the Ohio River nearly opposite Vevay. It seems to be a beautiful stream, with a very rapid current, flowing between high precipitous banks of rock. It is navigable to small boats for about one hundred and fifty miles, and at a place called Frankfort a network of railways to the interior begins.

We had dined on board our steamer and were now approaching the end of our pleasant voyage. I would gladly have gone down the Ohio River to the Mississippi River and would have ascended the latter stream to St. Louis. However, cholera still prevailed on the shore and in the boats of the Mississippi River, and ship fever, brought up from New Orleans at this time of year, was said to linger about many of them. Therefore, we had resolved to land on the right bank of the river and to find our way as best we might across the states of Indiana and Illinois. About six o'clock in the afternoon, our steamer drew up to the landing at Madison, an important place in Indiana, ninety-two miles from Cincinnati. We had passed over this distance in seven hours at a cost of $1.50 for each adult. This price included dinner.

Madison is said to be a very thriving place; it seemed

to be declining or stationary to me. Indeed, referring to the census of the United States, I find that the population of the county is entered in the year of 1840 as having been 9,025, while in 1850 it was only 10,031. An increase of ten per cent in ten years is tantamount to a decrease in this country. I did not like Madison. I heard that cholera was in the town, and the Madison House was uncomfortable and exorbitant in its charges. We slept here one night. The following morning at seven o'clock we took our seats in the railway cars for Indianapolis.

After leaving Madison, we soon came to a hill ascending the banks of the Ohio River to the tableland above. It was a very steep inclined plane--steeper than any I have seen in England or Wales--but a magnificent engine, made in England, drew us slowly to the top. We then passed through a country that was very pleasing. Forests of oak and beech trees covered the land. Here and there, the trees had been removed for a small clearing, a farmhouse, a village, or a rising town. The cars rattled through many of these towns. In their streets, stumps of the recent forest yet stood two or three feet above the ground and obliged all wayfarers to turn aside. Hence, we have the origin of the American expression "to be stumped." The busy community had not yet had time to dig them up; this would be done when its citizens were more settled.

Through the shady woods, beautiful cool ravines opened into the boundless forest. Down them leaped and sparkled bright rivulets that ought to have harbored delicious trout. I was told that they contained no fish, because the waters disappear during the summer months. This scenery was much more pleasing than that through which we had passed heretofore. Beech, oak, and other trees had replaced the monotonous Scotch firs of New York and northern Ohio. When the woods occasionally opened and showed us small prairies and parklike grounds, I fancied how pleasant a backwoodsman's life would be in such a scenery and in such a sunny climate. We were determined to be pleased with Indiana and had already discovered that the manners of the "Hoosiers,"

as its inhabitants are familiarly called, were much more gentle and considerate than those of the go-ahead "Buckeyes" of Ohio.

At two o'clock we arrived at Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana. We had come a distance of eighty-six miles in seven hours--slow work, but the inclined plane had delayed us. We had paid $2.50 per adult for our places, which was rather dear. However, the cars were comfortable, the managers and passengers had been attentive and obliging, and, in short, we had a pleasant ride. I found my situation at Indianapolis to be discouraging. I had come by steamboat and railway as far as they reached in this direction. There were no more waterways, and the railways were completed no farther. It was true that several railroads were planned which would go to St. Louis and the Pacific states, but we had no wish to stay in Indianapolis until they might be completed. I had been told that the stagecoach from Cincinnati passed through the town on its way to the Mississippi River over the National Road, and I had trusted to this transportation.

The stagecoach came rolling up the street. The body of the vehicle held spaces for three with their backs to the horses, spaces for three with their faces to the horses, and a bench across the middle from door to door with spaces for three more. The only support for the shoulders of those who sat in the middle seat was a leather strap drawn across from end to end. Even if all nine places could be secured, they would not be sufficient for my party. Moreover, the coach started in the evening, and we should have to travel all that night and the following night. Stagecoach travel would not meet our needs. We asked what could be done. Mr. Turtle, the proprietor of our hotel, said, "Do as we all do. Buy a wagon and a pair of horses and drive across the prairie." The spirit of adventure was upon us, and the idea was rather fetching.

The main street of the town of Indianapolis is handsomely wide. It has broad walks on each side and crosses two or three other streets at right angles. As far as they

went, these streets also gave promise of being handsome. Vacancies soon appeared between the rows of houses, but they will be filled later. This seems to be the method followed in all these American towns. The plan of the village is first laid out, and the boundaries of the townships are defined. Buildings diverge from the core; here and there they dot the line of the future streets until they lose themselves in the forest, the prairie, or the cultivated land. As the vacancies on each side of a street are filled up, sidewalks are made, trees are planted to overshadow them, the center of the street is paved, and gas and water pipes are laid down. Thus, this city of Indianapolis was as yet one continuous street, with stems of other streets shooting off from it. The plan of the rising town was definitely settled. Although the boundaries of the township enclosed both cultivated ground and wasteland, the scattered buildings already contained a population of ten thousand inhabitants. There were three very good hotels in Indianapolis, and the arrivals of their guests were regularly published in the newspapers! What more could be done in the most fashionable watering place?

The capitol at Indianapolis is a remarkably handsome building of surprisingly good classical architecture. It is supposed to be modeled somewhat after the Parthenon at Athens. The pillars and the rest of the building are made of brick but are stuccoed and painted so well that close examination alone can detect the real material. The churches in the town are also large and well built. Domes, spires, and towers that would not discredit any European capital have arisen; they give diversity to the wide plain on which the city stands. In truth, the situation of the town is excellent, not for a commercial center since it has no water transportation, but for a city of residences and the central seat of government. It stands on a high tableland of good soil; it is dry and healthful. As they diverge from the center, the streets lead to pleasant paths amid farms and forests. My children admired the scene very much.

Unless we wished to take up our abode permanently at Indianapolis, it was necessary that I procure horses and a

wagon with which to move on. At length, I was told of a jobber who had a stable full of horses, which he would either sell or rent to convey me to my destination. My wife and I, accompanied by a guide, walked in the direction of the jobber's premises. We were about to turn into his property, when our guide led us into a temperance hotel barroom where tea and sherbet were sold; he requested that my wife wait there till our return. "Why so?" I asked. "It is not right for a lady to go to a stable-yard--people would be shocked," he replied. My wife insisted that it was more decorous to accompany her husband to a stable than to remain alone in a barroom.

The owner of the stable seemed to be doing business on a large scale. He had twenty or thirty horses in his well-kept sheds. My wife's perverse indelicacy in accompanying me proved to the stablekeeper that we must be quite "Johnny Raws" and newcomers into the civilized world. Therefore, he asked what I knew to be three times the value of his horses.

We walked away wondering what to do next. Suddenly, my guide approached a man driving a cream-colored horse that was drawing a cartload of stones.

He asked, "Will you sell that horse, Mr. James?"

The driver replied, "I guess I will, if you make it worth my while."

My guide inquired, "Where about is the figure?"

The owner of the horse answered: "Well now, I don't want to sell him because I must have one to do my work, and I shall have to buy another. But there's no denying that this one is a deal too well-bred to haul these stones. I reckon you won't have him under a hundred and fifty dollars."

My guide whispered to me that he knew the horse and that the animal was all right. His paces seemed excellent, and he was only five years old. "If he is all right," I said, "I will give one hundred dollars for him," and I walked away.

In the course of two hours, I was told that the horse was in the hotel stable and that the gentleman was waiting for the money. In much the same manner on the following day, I picked up a dark bay horse with black legs. He was six

years old, about one inch higher than the buff, and had a somewhat larger and shorter body. He was full of fire and speed. For this horse I paid ninety dollars.

I had much difficulty in getting a wagon to suit my taste. I had understood that I was to have a spring wagon, but now I was assured that no springs could stand the roughness of the roads over which I must travel. To prove this, I was taken to see the stagecoaches. It was true that no iron entered into their composition, but the body of the carriage swung from side to side on the thickest possible doubled and quadrupled leather thongs. Therefore, we had to resign ourselves to a wagon without springs.

During my stay here, many tracts of land had been recommended to me for purchase. I will copy some of the descriptions I received. They familiarize one with the country and help to bring its ways before the mind. There were offers such as:

> One hundred eighty acres, of which sixty-five are cleared, in Switzerland County, including a good house--price, seven thousand dollars;
> Two hundred forty acres of wooded land in Carroll County--one thousand dollars;
> Five hundred acres of land in Clay and Owen counties, in the valley of Eel River, one or two miles from the canal between Terre Haute and Evansville.

Then I had letters from Illinois. One included the following recommendation:

> A tract of land of thirteen hundred acres with seventy or eighty of them improved; and a commodious dwelling forty-six feet by fifty feet in size, two and one-half stories high, of frame construction with good cellars. The first two stories have four fine rooms each and a hall in each story. The third story has a deck roof and at least a dozen small rooms. There is an orchard adjoining and a tolerable barn. A quarter of a mile distant in another part of the farm, there is one of the best barns in this county. The barn is seventy-four feet by fifty-four feet and has a cellar. A comfortable dwelling is hard by. This property, I think, can be purchased

My guide whispered to me.....

for about four thousand dollars.

Such letters as the above proved to me that it would be unwise to determine hastily upon any purchase. I had much to see in Illinois, and I determined to make Vandalia my headquarters for a week or two.

Some readers may like to know how a newspaper is conducted in the backwoods. For these readers, I will describe a copy of the INDIANA STATE SENTINEL which I brought away with me. It is printed on good paper. Its publisher says that it is published every evening at five dollars per year in advance. The rates of its advertisements are:

> Fifty cents for eight lines or less for one insertion, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. An announcement of candidates for office is one dollar for each line. All advertisements for charitable institutions, fire companies, and ward, township, and other public meetings will be printed at half price. Reports of marriages and deaths will be inserted without charge. Obituary notices and funeral invitations will be printed at half price.

After a report of the convention of the California Democratic Party, the first page is filled with advertisements, which are intended to be as attractive as possible. The railroads preface their notices by little prints of smoking engines, which show the driver standing under a shade to protect him from the sun and the rain. The Odd Fellows and the Freemasons issue their notices amid eyes, hands, hearts, suns, triangles, and compasses--signs which they alone understand. There are convenient tables which tell the hours at which all mails arrive at and leave Indianapolis; there are statements telling when the different courts will hold their respective sessions; there is a bank report of the current value of notes and moneys; and there is the yearly almanac. My eye is caught by the pretty little prints of gentlemen making their best bows and little boys walking hand in hand--all sprucely dressed and calling attention to the many clothing emporiums. I also see prints announcing, "Something new which cannot be beat--Jenny Lind's cooking stove." On wheels there is a great boot smoking like the funnel of a

steam engine; this is followed by four shoes of different sizes racing after it on wheels, while "Fairbanks" exclaims, "Clear the track!" and bids you "call and examine for yourself" his supply of boots and shoes.

However, leaving the pictorial advertisements, I own that I like the matter-of-fact, business style of other advertisements which go straight to the point without circumlocution. What can be more curt and intelligible than the following:

> Ladies! I have this day received a new assortment of fine ribbons, silks, lawns, barèges, and delaines. Please call and examine them at the bargain store of H. Parrish.
>
> Cheese. A good supply constantly on hand at V. Hanna and Company's.
>
> Wanted: 50,000 pounds of bacon, for which the market price in cash will be paid by Blythe and Holland.

It is not such a barbarous country, after all! A reference to funeral processions reminds me of the style of American newspaper obituary notices. Much trouble and inquiry at a time of family distress is avoided by an additional note which tells where and at what hour the funeral will take place and that "the relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend without further invitation." Then, if the deceased is connected with any other part of the country, Wisconsin for example, a notice usually follows: "Wisconsin papers please copy."

But my INDIANA STATE SENTINEL is not entirely given up to advertisements. There are leading articles and paragraphs on matters of general political interest written in much the same style as we should find in English provincial papers. If any difference is visible in them, it is that they are more courteous to their contemporaries. I read a paragraph in a New York newspaper that announced the publication of an opposition newspaper which would take quite a different line in politics from its own. It said that the editor of the new organ was a man of so great ability that the publishers of the old established newspaper could not hesitate to wish him success. This is not the greeting which our estab-

lished newspapers give to new adventurers.

In the INDIANA STATE SENTINEL there is the following notice, which is characteristic of the country and shows the scarcity of servants:

> Our carrier has been sick for the past few days, and we have been unable to procure a competent one to fill his place. We hope that our subscribers will be patient if any errors are made in delivering the papers. We will rectify any mistake which is reported to the office. Our carrier will probably be able to resume his duties tomorrow.

Those who study educational statistics may be interested in drawing comparisons with the following statement. According to the report of the visiting committee, the number of children attending the various Sunday schools in Indianapolis during the past month was 1,818; the number of children whose parents promised to send them but did not was seventy; the number of children whose parents refused to send them was thirty-two. The total number of children in the city is 1,920. When shall we see all the children except 102 attend the Sunday schools attached to the different churches in an English city of about eight thousand inhabitants?

Thus, although we were in the backwoods, it must not be supposed that we had no evidence of refinement in Indianapolis. The men, it is true, dressed sensibly in gray holland coats and vests--I myself bought a suit which is still my comfort in hot weather--but the ladies were as refined and elegant as those in New York. The druggists and storekeepers had every sort of Parisian perfumery and female luxuries on sale--French gloves, eau de cologne, everything that a European élégante could require. We rejoiced in this evidence of prosperity and leisure as we replenished the bottles and drawers of our family medicine chest, little anticipating how soon we should be obliged to have recourse to the drugs. Then, light of heart and full of hope, we clambered up into our new wagon, and on this very day three years ago (I am writing on June 27, 1854) our beautiful horses started forth. They pressed forward with a will on the journey across the

prairies of Illinois to the banks of the mighty Mississippi River.

I had hired Morrison, the man who had helped me purchase my horses and wagon, to convey our luggage with his own two horses and wagon from Indianapolis to Vandalia. It was a heavy load, and as he started with it, I doubted that he would be able to accomplish the undertaking. However, he was going to hire additional horses if necessary. We threw carpetbags and other light articles into the bottom of our own wagon, because we thought that they would make convenient seats for the children. The body of the vehicle was then filled halfway up its sides with hay and straw that they might feel less shaking and jolting.

Agnes writes:

> We had all looked forward with impatience to the day of starting afresh on our journey and to the pleasures of the wagon. At last, our equipment came to the door; and, with a little squeezing, the whole number found room to sit. Some sat on the hay on the floor, and some sat on carpetbags. In the town our spirits rose even higher, and we enjoyed the jolting on the street. Nevertheless, we found it did not abate, and we soon began to tire of it. Those who for the sake of novelty had wished to sit on hay were glad to change places with those who were on bags. Since not even that position brought the pleasure which had been expected, an unpleasant conviction very soon forced itself into our minds. We became convinced that traveling in a wagon on American roads was not so agreeable a way of progressing as we had thought it would be. But to our surprise, a short distance from Indianapolis, just as we were beginning to resign ourselves to the jolting, we found that it suddenly ceased. In order to discover the cause of this unexpected change, we looked out from under the awning and found that we were traveling on a plank road. To our great joy, this road extended for some miles during which our anticipations of the pleasures of traveling in a wagon were partly fulfilled. However, as the heat of the day increased, we could not help wishing that the wagon had been made a little wider.

We trotted lightly on this plank road, and a plank road is very pleasant to travel upon. It may be slippery in wet weather, but now it saved us from the dust that would have arisen from gravel. Boards or planks about three inches thick were nailed to sleepers at the two sides of the road. They spanned it from side to side and rose and sank under us with the elasticity of a ballroom floor. On each side of the plank road, between it and the worm fences that bounded it, there were holes and stumps and ditches and natural watercourses through which no wheels could venture. The road was constructed in a nearly straight line through a pleasant country, but cultivated spots amid the woods and prairies grew more and more rare. There was a good deal of traffic on the road, quite as much as would be seen on a turnpike road in England, but it was confined entirely to rough-and-ready carriages or agricultural teams. All these vehicles moved rapidly. We also passed several wagons loaded with emigrants; some were carrying their bedding and articles of furniture.

At about one o'clock, I came to a stop at a little inn in a small village named Springfield. I cautioned my family not to complain of the jolting of the wagon, lest it should appear that they had never ridden in one before, and I warned them to answer the usual string of interrogations as if we were emigrants going from Cincinnati to Illinois. We were soon seated round a dirty tablecloth and swallowing, with such appetite as riding in a wagon gives, a dinner consisting of broiled ham, bread, good honey in the honeycomb, and coffee. The landlady was standing by and fanning us all with a peacock's tail. I heard the following dialogue between her and my wife.

"I suppose that you come from Cincinnati and are going west?"

This was assented to.

"What's your name?"

It was told.

"I don't remember such a name. There was a Mrs. West who kept a school at Cincinnati, but she's been dead

three years."

"I am not a schoolmistress."

"No! Well now, I thought you were. Who are all these young folk?"

"My children."

"Well now, I shouldn't think so if you didn't say so. You don't look old enough to have all these children. You've a good lot of them, to be sure! You've been married some time, I s'pose?"

This was sufficiently evident, although Dr. Johnson did say that the Americans multiplied with the rapidity of their own rattlesnakes. Her asking such a question proved that our landlady's interrogative powers were well-nigh exhausted. As we had fallen in her estimation since my wife had denied being a schoolmistress, she soon left us comparatively to ourselves.

After a rest of three hours, we started again and traveled on a country road much like the one which we had followed during the forenoon. We arrived at a village where I was much pleased to find a large, respectable-looking hotel. Here we planned to spend the night, but with some dismay I discovered that all the blinds and shutters of the house were closed. No one answered my call, but people in the village came to their doors and gazed at us. I went to some of them and learned that the mistress of the house had died of cholera the day before and that her husband had shut up the premises and left. They offered to find the headwaiter, who, perhaps, could let us in and give us rooms for the night. Imagine our feelings when we heard this invitation to enter the house where, I believe, the cholera victim still lay unburied! The stagecoach from Indianapolis came into the town and stopped to change horses, and I hastened to take counsel from the driver. He told me that the landlord had deserted the premises and had traveled by that coach the night before. The driver believed several others besides the mistress had died in the house. Nevertheless, he assured me that I should find very good quarters at a place called Long's House about three miles farther.

We started again, but we were tired and terrified at what we had heard. The sun was setting, and those three miles seemed interminable. The country became wilder, and the road more broken; yet we toiled onward. Dark fir woods covered the little portion of the country that we could see, and the day was closing as Long's House loomed in sight. After we coaxed her, Mrs. Long permitted us to spend the night crowded into one double-bedded room.

After leaving in the morning, we found our road changed for the worse. It is marked on all the maps as the National Road extending from east to west in an almost straight line from Pittsburgh to St. Louis. It had been fenced in and laid down as such a road, but Congress, by subsequent decision, declared that the making and maintaining of roads was not a national affair and should be the concern of each state that wanted them. The condition of this road, therefore, depended upon the wants and the traffic of each township through which it passed. The country beyond Long's House was thinly inhabited. The road was little used, and little attention was given to maintain it. The water tables on each side were choked or washed away; watercourses ran down the middle of the highway or furrowed it deeply from side to side digging it into wide pits. Sometimes these had to be crossed on stepping stones. In some places, the rain channels were bridged by planks so short that there was not an inch to spare at the side of each wheel. In other places, where the gravelly topsoil had been worn away and a quicksandy bottom exposed, a track just wide enough for the wheels was made by a corduroy road laid across the bog. I have already explained the construction of a plank road; the difference between it and a corduroy road is much the same as that between a log house and a frame house. A corduroy road is made of the unhewn trunks of trees laid side-by-side on the earth. A strip is nailed across each end to keep the logs in their places. The wheels, whether of carriage or wagon, fall from trunk to trunk with the regularity of the thumps and stops with which the cogs in the wheels of a watch fit between and arrest one another. Sometimes the ruts between the prostrate trunks of

Our children suffered severely.....

the trees are partially filled with earth; then, of course, the jolts are less severe.

We went down to a brook where men were building the foundations of a bridge. We traveled up its pretty, wooded banks on the other side where a nice-looking building, which I think was called the Stage House, hung out its signboard. Soon after this, our road led us into the beautiful parklike grounds of a forest; all traces of the trail suddenly ceased. Not a track was to be seen on the smooth, green turf beneath the tall, shady oak trees. The fresh breezes that came to us from the depths of the woods were delightful. We would willingly have lingered here gypsying, but our journey lay before us. Some citizens driving wagons pointed out the track to me. It led down to the side of a pretty stream that I believe was part of the headwaters of the White River. It was rather deep, but we forded it and clambered up the other side. At this place, many scores of laborers were at work cutting timber and digging embankments for the railroad from Indianapolis to St. Louis.

The weather was intolerably hot, and our children and the horses suffered much, in spite of the fine prairie breeze that met us. Indeed, I complained that it chilled me and gave me rheumatism. It blew through the tunnellike awning of our wagon and whistled around my shoulders and loins clad in the new, thin suit of brown holland from Indianapolis. I had felt griping pains and uneasiness all morning, which may have been why I was sensitive to the wind. However, to our surprise and delight, about every four miles along this miserable road, we found public wells and pumps. They were supplied with buckets for the use of cattle and horses and tin cups from which to assuage human thirst. Here the civilization and kind feeling of the East was transplanted into the almost untrodden wilderness of the Far West! Our children suffered severely from the roughness of the road, as the jolting of the wagon was almost intolerable. We stopped to feed our horses and to dine at a village containing about twoscore houses. We were invited into one of the best by a signboard inscribed "Townsend House." It was a very

comfortable little farmhouse that was neat and clean and recently built of red brick. When we again proceeded, the cool evening air caused our spirits to rise, and the girls began to twine round their bonnets some of the wild flowers and feathers that their brothers had brought them.

And so we hurried on, and with great delight we found that we were not to fare as we had fared the preceding night. Our present lodging was in a large, clean, comfortable frame house, surrounded by a large garden filled with flowers and fruit trees and two or three beehives. A poor laborer had become ill with cholera just before we arrived and had been carried to a house within sight of our hotel. The state of my own feelings did not make this comforting information. A dose of medicine was mixed for me out of our family medicine chest, and we all retired to bed. After a restless night, during which the whole family was devoured by mosquitoes, we all met for breakfast. The table was neatly spread, and food was plentiful. The poor man who had been ill of cholera was already dead. I paid $4.50 for our night's lodging. Then, pleased with our landlord and his family but rather dampened in our spirits, we mounted our wagon and pursued our journey.

We had passed the night in a small, straggling village. A few log cottages, dirty and blackened by time, stood by the side of the road on the borders of the stunted fir forest. The town was called Van Buren. How little we thought that within three years, the well-informed, gentlemanly, and venerable former President from whom it took its name would be a guest in our drawing rooms at Rome talking with us about these scenes of our adventures!

The National Road was no longer broken up as it had been. Fortunately, others besides the federal government found it to their advantage to keep the road in order. It ran in a straight line along the tableland; then it turned to the right and descended a rather steep hill into the valley of the Wabash River. I had been told that there were two good hotels at Terre Haute, the Prairie House and another. The Prairie House was the first inn we saw on the outskirts of

the town. Surprised to find so large a hotel in such an out-of-the-way part of the world, we decided that it would be unwise to pass it in search of any other that might possibly be better and would probably be worse. A half hour before midday, I drove into the yard of its ample premises.

It was on Sunday morning, the twenty-ninth of June, that we arrived at Terre Haute. We had reluctantly planned to travel forward on the same afternoon. I was convinced that the neighborhood of the Wabash was particularly unhealthful, and I was unwilling to pass a night within its influence. My wife and children had urged that we should remain here for Sunday. However, my impression of the country was highly unfavorable, and I had resolved to leave the shores of the river and to get as far as possible into Illinois before night. After directing that our horses be fed and watered, I went into the hotel and sat down.

At one o'clock the gong sounded through the Prairie House, and we all went in to dinner. The dining room was of handsome dimensions and was well lighted by a row of windows on each side. The tables were laid out with great neatness and propriety, and from fifty to one hundred people were seated at them. The customers were of a class far superior to what I had expected to find here; some of them, evidently, were gentry by birth and education. Mr. Bunting, our fat landlord, was dressed in the height of fashion; with carving knife and fork in hand, he guided us politely to our places. He then took his own stand at the side table, which groaned under a profusion of apparently well-cooked joints. One respectable-looking Negro waiter was in the room. Ten or a dozen boys, whose ages were between twelve and fifteen years, were dressed in white jackets but wore no shoes or stockings. Running about the room and tumbling over one another in their eagerness, they looked more like schoolboys playing at leapfrog than waiters at dinner tables surrounded by fine people. Immediately, one of the smallest of the boys sprang to me and exclaimed in my ear as fast as he could articulate the words, "What will you take--roast mutton, boiled beef, roast lamb, veal pie, chicken pie, roast fowls

or pigeons?" I made my selection out of the few words of this gabble that I could understand. However, he fetched me something as different as possible from that which I had requested and hastened to run over the catalogue in my neighbor's ear. The dinner was excellent but plain. We were liberally supplied with food, and on the whole it was served very well.

After dinner I did not feel any better; unwillingly we resolved to spend the rest of the day here and to move forward on the following morning. Our children started to church for the afternoon service, and we selected our apartments in the hotel. We chose these principally from rooms on the ground floor. Our sitting room looked out on a space of ground as yet unoccupied by buildings; it was an airy, open, grassy common.

The eternal electric telegraph wire, which seemed to have accompanied our every step from New York, spanned the open space from side to side. It stretched along on its huge unhewn poles and then lost itself amid the buildings beyond. It lined one side of the highway on which we had traveled, and it swept on past the Prairie House toward St. Louis. On the other side of the road, there were neat garden fences enclosing evergreens and flowering shrubs that overhung a wide footpath. Among the trees on the three sides of the common arose the houses, stores, and buildings of the town. Some were of frame construction, and some were built of brick; between and above them all peeped the spires and towers of churches. Apparently these houses of worship were vast and various enough to accommodate the faithful of a city four times as populous.

The hotels of Terre Haute were now unusually full. The railroads and other public works which were being carried on in the neighborhood had brought many engineers and their families to them for lodging. These works had also induced servants and laborers of all kinds to seek the higher wages they could obtain there. Families that were deserted by their usual attendants had betaken themselves into the hotels to board and to lodge. Such are the incidents of house-

keeping in this country.

I spent a restless night, and on the following morning I felt that I could not continue our journey. I took some medicine and tossed about in my bed for the rest of the day. Meanwhile, Louie and little Isabel had not been feeling well. We had recourse to the family medicine chest, and a small dose of medicine was administered to each child. We did not doubt but that all would be right the next day. However, in the morning it appeared that Isabel's state was far from satisfactory, and I immediately summoned a physician. Dr. Read pronounced her to be suffering from bloody dysentery but gave hopes that in a few days she would be well again. Thus, all my plans for hastening through what I believed to be an unhealthful district were at once defeated. Instead of hurrying on after a stop of two hours, as we had first intended to do, we had already been detained for two days; and now we must remain for an indefinite period.

The week passed on, and I seemed to grow neither better nor worse. There was, in fact, no material change. I was stupified by opium, excited by brandy and water, nourished by chicken broth, and chilled by lumps of ice--such were the results of the strange remedies prescribed for me! I was brought to a state of excessive weakness and nervous irritation. I managed to dress myself with difficulty and to crawl into the sitting room across the passage, where I sat for a few hours each day. Though my child's room was separated from mine by only a thin partition, a tour of two large rooms had to be made to get to hers; and I had no strength to undertake such a journey. Her illness was becoming more serious; through the modified reports that were brought to me, I understood that her life was in danger.

Terre Haute had become almost "our village." Let us describe it as we found it. We did not see the social system of New York or Baltimore, but we saw the community life which backs up those great cities. It prevails wherever the North American pioneers have pressed their way across their mighty continent. They are carrying it with them to the yet untrodden shore of the far Pacific Ocean where they will

found cities and states as populous and as important as those on the shores of our own Atlantic Ocean. Let us first familiarize you with the hotel, which occupies so prominent a place in the economy of an American town. The hotel is prominent in American life not only because many who cannot keep servants at home constantly board there but also because it is the temporary resort of families whose establishments have been broken up by the departure of domestic help.

While I was confined to my sickroom, our daughters had the run of the house, and their notes will best enable me to record what they saw and did. I myself only know that three times a day a large hand bell was rung in the corridor outside my door to call the lodgers to their meals. It was with the greatest difficulty that my wife could persuade them to discontinue ringing it in our own passage. Every other day, when they took the inventory of the hotel table service, a dirty waiter boy rapped at my door and popped his head into my room and exclaimed, "Got any spoons?" If the desired number was not easily found below, he would return again and again with the same demand, insisting that we must have two, or one, or whatever number was missing. Breakfast, dinner, and tea were brought to me at seven o'clock, one o'clock, and seven o'clock by my wife and daughter. Lumps of rough ice, boiled rice, toast, and water were brought at all hours of the day and night by the same loving agency.

Lucy writes:

> Everyone was awakened in the morning by a boy ringing a large hand bell outside all the doors. This was at six o'clock. At half past six, he came again knocking at each door and calling out, "Breakfast ready." Mr. Bunting served very good breakfasts. Ranged down the table and cut in slices, there were hot and cold breads of different sorts including corn bread (a little of which was rather nice with plenty of molasses and butter). Little seedcakes, pancakes, fritters, milk, butter buried in large lumps of ice, molasses, preserves, and blackberry syrup in large tureens were also displayed. Besides these things, hot beefsteaks, roast and boiled chickens, and various sorts of cold meat were placed

on the table. To drink, we had tea and coffee and occasionally hot and cold chocolate milk sweetened with white or brown sugar.

At seven o'clock, a great bell rang for the second breakfast, which was frequented by children and their attendants. The landlord, his wife, and those who had been too late for the first breakfast were present at this time. At half past seven, another bell rang announcing breakfast for all the servants in the house.

At dinner there was always roast beef and generally chicken pie, veal pie, beefsteaks, roast lamb, veal and mutton cutlets, boiled ham, pigeons, and roast veal or roast pork. The vegetables were aged peas and beans, hominy (a sort of dry bean resembling the seeds of ripe string beans), and potatoes. Once we had sweet potatoes, which were red and tasted like diseased common potatoes, and another time we had a vegetable called squash. Always we had boiled ears of green Indian corn. Several times we had a good soup made of land turtles. Our sweets were custard pie, cherry pie, squash pie, apple pie, and, occasionally, blackberry pie. Sometimes, too, we had stewed pears or roast apples. Then followed cheese and dessert. Nuts and almonds were also on the table.

On the Fourth of July there were grand doings at Terre Haute, as there were in every town of the United States. A procession of school children passed the Prairie House carrying flags on which different mottoes were written. Everyone appeared in Sunday clothes. All the shops were closed, and in the evening there were fireworks in the town. Of these, we saw only a stray rocket or two from the window of our sitting room. At dinner, champagne and sherry cobbler were handed around. Several young ladies dined with us. They were dressed in white, had white ribbons in their hair, and came from a large convent school called St. Mary-of-the-Woods, located a few miles from Terre Haute. This was their greatest holiday in the year. Except when they went home, this was the only day on which they were allowed to pass beyond the spacious enclosure of their convent

"Got any spoons?"

grounds. On this day, all the pupils and their teachers formed small parties and visited different places in the neighborhood.

Although neither our girls nor our babies continued well for two consecutive days, the climate agreed perfectly well with our older boys. Kenelm had been smitten for a week with a severe bilious fever which had left him in a state of great weakness, but neither Frank nor Constable had suffered an hour's illness since we landed at New York. Frank was delighted with America. The free and irregular life he led during my illness and the abundance and variety of dishes, in which he reveled at will at every meal, seemed to him characteristics of the country. His frank and easy manners were agreeable to the Americans, who said that he was just the lad to go ahead; and they told him that they did not doubt that he would live to be the President of the United States. This is the ambition of every American boy; a poor lad on his deathbed in these backwoods will often say, "I don't care about dying, but I should like to have had a chance to be President."

By the blessing of the Almighty, the loving nursing of my wife and children, and the care of my physician, I was now convalescent. Indeed, I had no expectation of recovering my health at Terre Haute. All that I hoped was that I might be so far "fixed up" as to bear removal to Europe, for we had now decided to leave this country as soon as possible. I was now about to become personally acquainted with the town of Terre Haute. As yet, I had known it only by the reports brought by my children. Agnes describes it as follows:

> It received its name from the French, as it was originally a French settlement. Prairie House was situated at the entrance of the town on one side of the National Road and was separated from the town by a common. It did not stand alone, however, since Dr. Read's house was very near on the opposite side of the road.

The proximity of the doctor's residence was a great convenience in all the midnight walks that were taken there by different members of the family. There was a cluster of

other houses in the neighborhood; these belonged to the wealthier inhabitants. From the hotel, the town was reached by a very disagreeable walk in the hot sun, for the path was not bordered by trees. At the end of the path, the main street of the town began; it was lined with stores on each side. There was a square on the left-hand side, where trees shaded the street from the broiling sun above.

We had resolved to return immediately to Europe, but the problem was how to get there. I was told that I could not bear to be carried by land; and here we were eleven hundred miles from the seaport of New York and fifteen hundred from the seaport of New Orleans. Also, it was considered necessary that I should rest a little while in a cooler and more bracing climate before undertaking the journey to New York or the sea voyage beyond. The island of Mackinac, between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, was highly recommended to me. The climate was said to be cool in the hottest weather; the scenery, beautiful; the accommodations, excellent. We were advised to go by the Wabash and Erie Canal, which would carry us a distance of 320 miles and deliver us at Toledo on Lake Erie in somewhat less than five days and nights. The prospect of such a journey was not cheering. The Wabash River was not remarkably healthful. The Maumee River, which the Canal followed, was notoriously infested with ague and fever. The little village of Fort Wayne, like many others on that line through which we should have to pass, was known to consume at least four hundred ounces of quinine in every season. However, no other route was available to us, and we resolved to entrust ourselves to the mosquitoes, the fevers, and the agues of the Wabash and Erie Canal.

Colonel Harrison and his family had pressed us to spend the day with them, and my wife and I had accepted the invitation. I confess that I was very curious to see the country establishment of a native American gentleman in the backwoods of a free state. The family of our friend had branched off from English stock at about the time of our Charles II and had remained in the colonies ever since. The Colonel's grandfather, William Henry Harrison, had been a

distinguished general and had been President of the United States. The Colonel himself was a very good-looking, gentlemanly young man between twenty-five and thirty years old. He had been educated at West Point and had served through the Mexican War. After the proclamation of peace, he had retired from the army, had been appointed colonel in the Indiana militia, and had turned lawyer until more stirring times should reopen a military career for him. I do not know how great his practice in his new profession may have been. He had an office in Terre Haute, but I suspect that he was not often in it. I believe he had a partner, but he still considered himself a military man. His health was very delicate.

About midday, he drove to the door of the hotel, and we took our places in his rough-and-ready carriage behind his spirited little horses. We drove through a partly cleared and cultivated country that gradually rose somewhat higher amid the woods. At length, we entered a lane which looked like an avenue cut through the original forests, and soon we stopped at a gate at the bottom of a little lawn. A respectable, square, red-brick house stood on an elevation within. The underbrush was cleared away in the forest nearby, so that the woods had something of a parklike appearance. Our host led us into a couple of well-proportioned and nicely furnished sitting rooms, one opening into the other, and here we chatted pleasantly for nearly an hour. Neither Mrs. Harrison nor her mother made an appearance, nor was any reason given for their absence.

At length, they both came in and greeted us kindly. I observed that the face of our pretty hostess was rather red. They told us that dinner was ready, and we all passed immediately into the dining room. Dinner was laid out, and we ate it. We waited upon ourselves, and we were told that the meal had been entirely prepared by our elegant hostesses! After the appointment had been made with us, all their "helps" had suddenly left them. Some plans of pleasure, some offense, or some hope of bettering themselves had led the servants to depart without notice, according to the fash-

ion of the country. Days might elapse before the hostesses would be able to find others to take their places; they would not postpone our visit for so usual an occurrence.

After dinner our host and I left the ladies in their dressing room and retired into another sitting room. My friend lighted his cigar and entertained me with the history of his campaigning in Mexico, while I surprised him with my account of our ways of living in the old country. Colonel Harrison was more than ordinarily interested in the country of his great Cromwellian ancestor and led me to hope that at some time or another he would pay us a short visit and become acquainted with it. Such is country life in the western states.

Having resolved to return by way of the Wabash and Erie Canal, I sold my wagon to the great joy of all my children. It was bought by a man who wished to drive across the prairies to Chicago, and he paid me within two dollars of what it had cost. I tried to sell the horses, but I was unable to do so. Colonel Harrison kindly undertook to dispose of them for me, and I sent them over to run in one of his paddocks until he should find a purchaser. But we had not yet left Terre Haute. I had heard of frequent breaks in the banks of the Wabash and Erie Canal; on the evening when we were to have embarked, word was brought that two or three breaks had occurred and that all the water had leaked away through them. We had to resign ourselves to another week of waiting while repairs were made.

I paid my bill at the Prairie House. Five dollars a week was charged per adult for board, lodging, and attendance. The charge for the servant--I beg pardon, for the "help"--was half that amount. Two and a half dollars was charged for each horse. Mr. Bunting added the moderate charge of four dollars for the extra lights and expenses occasioned by illness in my family. Thus, for about five dollars per week, a man may be well lodged and may feed upon the fat of the land in the western states of America. And it should be observed that Indianapolis and Terre Haute are not decaying but are busy, thriving towns. The population of Indianapolis was 2,692 in 1840; in 1850 it had risen to 8,034.

The population of Terre Haute rose from 2,000 to 4,051 during the same period.

After remaining another week while we were all in comparatively good health, I had to pay our physician for only six additional visits. Finally, we bade a long adieu to the red-brick walls of the Prairie Hotel. At the canal wharf, we were soon rejoined by Dr. Read, and we took a sad leave of our kind friend. Three horses were harnessed to the boat, and soon we were passing through the water of the Canal at the rate of four or five miles an hour.

Few adventuresome or novel events occurred while we were on the Wabash and Erie Canal, and no impressions stand out. Yet, the little incidents of each day were characteristic of American popular habits and manners, and I must not pass over this very instructive portion of our travels too quickly. On Tuesday, August 12, at five o'clock in the afternoon, we stepped from the little quay at Terre Haute to board the canalboat. About fifty yards ahead of us, three horses were harnessed to a rope and tied to the boat. They started at a moderate trot, and the town where we had tarried so long was soon lost to our sight. No other passengers were on board, and as we wandered over the vessel we were pleased with the promise it gave us of tolerable accommodation. The captain, a very young man, was civil and attentive to our wants. He told us that tea would be served at seven o'clock, and on that day it was the precise hour of sunset.

The construction of the canalboat was much the same as that of the lake and river steamers. There was no hold or underdeck; the kitchen, the steward's room, and the offices were located on the deck at the stern. In the center of the boat was the large saloon--the sitting room of all by day and the sleeping room of male passengers by night. Adjoining it was the ladies' saloon, and beyond this was a small cabin containing only four berths. This cabin was separated by a doorway and a curtain from the ladies' saloon, and on the other side it opened upon the bow of the vessel. In the cabin was a looking glass, a hand basin, two towels, a comb, and a brush for the use of the ladies. A flat roof spread over

all the saloons. The luggage was piled there, and passengers walked back and forth over the roof or sat on it to enjoy the view. As yet the view was nought. The banks were low; and thick woods, in which were only partial clearings, shut us in on both sides.

Our children wondered where they were to sleep, since there were no visible berths amid the red moreen curtains that hung around the ladies' saloon to give it an air of comfort in this August weather. They dreaded to have to pass four nights on the floor as they had once done, but they said that they were now more used to hardships than they had been then.

Agnes describes our first day aboard the canalboat:

> We were summoned to tea; but, after the good living at the Prairie House, all complained bitterly of the bad tea and coffee, of the heavy, hot corn bread, and of the raw beefsteaks. After tea we all began a murderous attack upon the mosquitoes that swarmed on the windows and inside our berths in the expectation of feasting upon us as soon as we should go to bed. But those on whom we made war were soon replaced by others; and the more we killed, the more they seemed to come to be killed. At last we gave up the task as hopeless and resigned ourselves, as well as we could, to pass a sleepless night.
>
> What with turning about on account of the heat and with trying to catch the mosquitoes that bit us dreadfully, we did not get much rest; and we arose the next morning unrefreshed. The monotony of the day was broken only by the many locks through which we had to pass, although it was not agreeable to feel the boat strike suddenly against the wall or the floodgates with force enough to throw down those who were not on their guard. Then the violent rush of the waters from above while the boat was rising with them made us imagine that we were in Noah's ark.

Around Covington, a town about fifty miles from Terre Haute, the scenery is remarkably pretty; the Canal passes through what seems to be a healthful sandstone country. However, we were tormented by mosquitoes, by heat, and

by thirst, and our onward course was very wearying. We were well pleased when we arrived in the evening at Lafayette, where we were to move into another canalboat. Lafayette is opposite the location of the famous Battle of Tippecanoe, by which General Harrison caused the Indians to sue for peace. Lafayette is said to be a flourishing town of about ten thousand inhabitants. I did not see anything to support this reputation during the few minutes that I was able to go on shore. I procured a fresh supply of whisky to mix with our canal water, which we were afraid to drink alone. The bell soon summoned us to the boat which was to take us onward. It was so inconveniently drawn up that the women could enter it only by passing through the windows.

Lucy records her impressions of the journey:

> The last bell had sounded when we saw a carriage driven very rapidly toward the wharf. A gentleman, a lady, and three children with their black nurse got out of it and came toward the boat. Our departure was delayed while they scrambled on board and while their luggage was transferred from their rough-and-ready carriage. We then started, and for some time all on board occupied themselves with catching the mosquitoes which swarmed in this boat ten times worse than in the other. We got out our needlework and passed the time in working, in answering or eluding the various questions that were put to us, and in admiring the beautiful country through which we were passing. We noticed that numbers of beautiful flowers, which in England are grown with only the greatest care, grow wild here. Among them were rhododendrons that spread to a great size. We also took notice of a great number of tortoises basking in the sun, but they took to the water as we passed.
>
> Bedtime came and we had to go to bed. The berths were in tiers three rows high; we girls took ours one above the other so that we might not be intermingled with other people. I was put in the top berth, for Catherine was too modest to climb so high, Ellen and Agnes were too short, and Louie still suffered from a pain in her side. I lay awake but still for a long time. At last I heard everyone turning

We got out our needlework

and sighing with the heat; so I gave way to my own feelings and did so too. But the shelves on which we lay were so short that I found my pillow constantly slipping down from under my head. If I put it farther down, my feet hung out at the other end. Although I was not very tall, I was obliged to curl myself up again and lie quite still while the mosquitoes devoured me and the heat melted me. At last I went to sleep.

I awakened early covered with mosquito bites, which kept me occupied for some time. Then came the pleasure of dressing before strangers, but Mama soon announced that we might use the little cabin with its basin and two towels. Every third person had to dip the jug into the Canal for fresh water. Then came the breakfast, where we broke our fast; indeed, we did but little more. The bread was hot and very heavy, and the beefsteaks were dry, small, and much underdone.

We passed through a great deal of beautiful country. We traveled through many miles of woodland that had never heard the ring of the ax and past thousands of acres where the trees were rotting in the steaming pools collected about them. Sometimes, where the Canal passed along a slope of rising ground, the water wept through the bank on the lower side. Whenever hollows were to be passed over, its channel was not dug out of the earth but was formed by piling dirt on each side to form embankments. These were often broken away violently; and the water, let in through the upper locks, trickled over them and formed a morass on each side. A country that might otherwise have been healthful was changed into a swamp by this Canal. An immense amount of labor would be required to drain the land before it could be rendered habitable owing to the floods thus artificially produced. But who thought of inhabiting the region when the Canal was made? The land was then a worthless desert, and the one thing needed was to get through it.

I never saw more magnificent timber than that which shaded the valleys through which we passed. Great oak trees shot up straight from the bottoms without a knot or a branch until their heads spread out some scores of feet above. At

times, partial clearings or little prairies opened views into the land beyond, and still the same noble timber arose everywhere. On the banks of the Canal, as on mounds of higher earth, the spaces between the trees were filled with wild and untrodden thickets. Shrubs, with large, gorgeous leaves, shot up amid creeping plants of various hues and glistened in the sun. I regretted my scant knowledge of botany, which prevented me from fully appreciating this magnificent vegetation.

About Fort Wayne the country is higher, but the soil seems equally rich. Near this town is an old blockhouse, formerly erected as a fortress against the Indians. It is an interesting antiquity in this country, and certainly more ancient than any other building in the state. At this little town, I went on shore again to replenish my brandy and whisky flasks, for we had used much of the former. This was given to my third boy, who had been ill in the morning; we feared he had caught the ague and fever of the district. Some of the passengers advised me to give him frequent spoonfuls of burnt brandy, and it was interesting to see how speedily and how completely this cut short what threatened to be a serious attack. I was much amused by the lists of spiceries and grocery wares that hung outside the doors of many little shops here and at the several villages we passed. They were all headed "York fixings and Yankee notions."

The word Yankee is as much used by Americans as by British; but, with the former, it applies exclusively to the New England states: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. The people of these states and these only are called Yankees.

As we proceeded, we took on a great number of passengers. Many used the boat only for short trips from town to town, but many others now sought it as the only conveyance to the Lakes and the busier districts we were approaching. By the fourth day we had passed from the valley of the Wabash River, which ran to the southwest, to that of the Maumee River, which had a northeasterly current. We had now made a little angle to the right and were at the place

where our Wabash and Erie Canal joined the Miami and Erie Canal from the Ohio River and its Cincinnati terminus. Here we were to part with Frank and his next younger brother; I had resolved to leave them awhile in America that they might be the better fitted for the country which I still looked upon as their future home. The climate had perfectly agreed with these two children. The account that I had heard of the Catholic colleges in the United States had given me the greatest confidence in them, and the Archbishop of Cincinnati had written me that he would "receive them with open arms and with truly paternal affection."

At the junction, we found the boat to Cincinnati, and there was an interchange of many passengers as it drew up side by side with our boat in the wide basin of the two canals. I commended my two boys to the care and kindness of the captain of the southbound vessel, who seemed to be a civil, good-tempered man; and we took leave of one another with what spirits we might. The boats separated, and Frank and Constable were soon lost to my eyes. The rest of that day, of course, we were all melancholy and out of spirits.

We were now in Ohio once more, and soon we turned again into the valley of the Maumee River, descending through locks instead of ascending through them as we had done on the previous days and nights. We passed Defiance, where there was an office for the sale of the remaining state lands situated in this unhealthful bottom. Certainly, the appearance of the country proved that the settlers had shown judgment in what they had left. We passed places called Napoleon, Damascus, and Providence. I should think the poor immigrants to these wooded marshes must often have invoked the latter. Passengers continually thronged on board as the day went by; they gave us samples of American manners--popular, vulgar manners if you will, but still the manners of countryfolk and farmers of every class. The men, I admit, invariably behaved with propriety, self-respect, and consideration for one another.

I never saw people packed so closely as they were that night in the men's saloon. My remaining son and I had our

berths in a corner, and every other bunk in the three tiers around the walls was occupied. Mattresses, on which people lay as close as possible, completely covered the floor; the dinner table was more thickly covered with sleeping humanity than Captain Davis ever strewed it with beefsteaks; and those who lay under the table thought themselves favored, inasmuch as they could not be trodden upon.

At ten o'clock that last morning, our hateful boat was drawn beside a crowded wharf at Toledo. For the wretched food and accommodation I had paid about forty-five dollars per person, or about double the charge per day at the Prairie House in Terre Haute. We left the boat thankful to the Almighty that we had been able to travel three or four hundred miles through an infected district without further illness.

J. R. D. Beste, THE WABASH: OR, ADVENTURES OF AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN'S FAMILY IN THE INTERIOR OF AMERICA (London: Hurst and Blackett, 1855), Vols. I-II.

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